

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

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[NO. 22.

EXTRACTED.

FROM

THE FOUNDLING OF

BELGRADE.

'Such has been the unsuccessful efforts I have made to satisfy my curiosity. I have much cause to believe those suspicions too well founded, and you may thank Hassan who saved you from a similar fate. All is now past; you have out-grown the remembrance of your misfortune, and should smile on calamity which is now no more. There is a similarity, Ahmed in your history and mine, a strong coincidence of early life. I once knew a father and a mother. An only sister and myself were the pledges of their bliss and tender solicitude. Beautiful and 'chaste as the icicle that curdled by the frost from purest snow.' The young Morgiana already commenced to put forth such lovely blossoms as promised to be the admiration of our sex, and the envy of her own. Georgia, so famed for female beauty, owned not so fair a flower. It was that country that gave us birth—for awhile we flourished like two sprightly plants; but alas! to

a barbarous usage, plucked from the untricious bosom of her luxuriant nursery, and planted in an ungenial soil, we were soon exposed to every rude attack. O my country! how unlike a fond and doating mother, thus to yield up thy tender young a prey to unhallowed cupidity! The little innocent nestling in the bosom, smiles unconscious of its helpless state; and the fond parent transported with the ecstasick feelings it inspires, half stifles it in the luxury of embrace. Come but the shade of danger in its way, her frantic soul views the distant object on her cherub's head—distressed, half frantic, she steps a-tween her child and death, often to fall a victim to her own imaginary fears. But thou, unnatural Georgia! pollutes thy altars with the inhuman sacrifice—thy sons to complete the ranks of foreign armies—thy daughters to fill the harems of capricious mussulmen! yes, devoted to the barbarous custom of the country, we were sold to be led captive into Turkey!

On our arrival at Constantinople Morgiana was torn from my sight, which augmented the terrors of captivity. While she remained the companion of my journey, a

portion of felicity was mine ; but when the moment of separation arrived, the cup of happiness seemed to vanish from my lips. Sleep fled from my pillow, my wonted appetite decreased, I became pale sickly and emaciated. The ruddy glow of health was exchanged for the sallow complexion of those who became masters of my liberty ; and ere a week had deprived me of my sister, excessive grief effected what the narcotic root had not produced in years. I was then above your age when I first saw you. But distress is not long lived in years so tender. Kind usage and insinuating manners win the infant heart. Every bauble takes the eye, and each kind look delights the fancy ; attend but to his playful tricks, and every moment steals upon his affection. Caressed, indulged, and flattered, I began to fancy there was nothing I could ask amiss ; and soon became precisely what they wished. In a short time I was placed at a military school, where, dazzled by the splendor of a soldier's armor, I soon forgot the simplicity of a shepherd's life. You may have heard that the principal officers of the turkish government, and the flower of her army, are composed of the sons of christians ; but reared from childhood in the faith of Mahomet, they become as true believers as if they had entered the world with the koran in their hands.

Having travelled through the

usual routine of study, and acquired the theory of military science, I was pronounced capable of a command. Appointed an officer in the Janissaries, I rose rapidly to preferment ; and before I had attained my five-and-twentieth year, I was selected for the important trust of envoy extraordinary to the court of Versailles. Close application to my studies had made me a proficient in the several languages of Europe. A taste for science I had cultivated, alike, the art of war and the principles of government. Although our country be so far behind her contemporary nations, political economy I had not overlooked. Ambition fired my young and ardent mind. I panted for renown—but, to lead an army to the field was not the summit of my wishes—no ; nor to return crowned with the laurels of victory ! unsatisfied even with renown of arms, my foolish heart sighed after a seat in the supreme council of the empire.

‘ The particular object of my mission to Versailles was for the purpose of consolidating our commercial relations with France. I succeeded beyond my hopes, and the treaty I concluded experienced the gratitude of my country and the distinguished approbation of the divan. It returned, ratified Constantinople, accompanied by an aigrette of immense value, and a complimentary note from Selim himself, enclosing my commission as a general officer in the service.

'My reception at the French court was flattering to my feelings. I was courted by all the nobility, and peculiarly distinguished by men of letters. Here I became the intimate of D'Alembert the Newton of France, the facetious Voltaire, the refined Mirabeau, the *sylvian** bishop of Autun, the metaphysical Condorcet—in fine my acquaintance was unlimited, and the civilities heaped upon me unbounded. But the young Rosalvo was the man who pleased me above all. His education had been in camps: but he was unrivalled in the polish of the courtier. His society had a singular attraction—from the moment of our first interview we became inseparable. I recognized, at once, abilities and a firmness of mind which in no other person had I observed before. Endowed with an enviable temper of endless vivacity—his erudition, unfettered by the measured stiffness of the pedant, was perspicuous in the most trifling expression of his thoughts.

'The object of my mission to Versailles having been thus successful in its completion, I was ordered to repair to Vienna invested with similar powers. This mission was different from the last. The harmony so long subsisting

between us and the germanic empire began to assume symptoms of a rash interference with our foreign relations; and to a reconciliation of our dispute was the charge entrusted to me by the divan. On my arrival at Vienna I found the task assigned to me difficult beyond my expectation. Party spirit run high: and the discipline of his troops, but just returned from actual service, increased the demands of the emperor. At length after an arduous struggle of persevering intrigue against the insidious cunning and overbearing *hauteur* of the german character. I succeeded in an entire restoration of peace and neutrality.

'I had now been some years absent from Turkey, and I petitioned to be recalled, which was promised the moment my successor should be nominated. It was during the interval of that promise, & the arrival of my successor, that I was once more to enjoy the pleasure of Rosalvo's society. Pleasure did I say? alas! there is something so incongruous in the human mind that the warmest attachments are often the source of melancholy catastrophe. Friendship is exquisite in her sensations: allied to the sweetest touches of sensibility, she seems to borrow delicacy from an origin celestial; but as if the mutability of human pleasures were too transient to nourish the elicited warmth, it is apt to freeze at the threshold of the heart. No attachment was ever

* We have preserved the idiom of the original. Tallyrand is not less remarkable as a politician than for the deformity of his person, and his fashionable colloquial powers.

more sincere : no friendship so perfect as was ours. We parted with the feelings of reluctant hearts, to meet once more with all the revived sentiment of former intercourse.

'Rosalvo had been recently married : this intelligence he kept secret until he surprised me with an introduction to the partner of his bed. Beautiful as an autumnal morn the effulgence of her charms dazzled the beholder, like the sunbeams in meridian splendor. As the wife of my friend I was prepared to admire : but bewitching in herself, I was the instantaneous object of enchantment. At that moment I could have envied another the possession of such a jewel. In her arms she fondled a little babe ; 'twas a lovely boy, the sweet pledge of their mutual love. The little urchin as if sensible to the effects of its mothers' charms, was anxious to kiss me for her sake. The eagerness with which it solicited my notice was ecstasy to Rosalvo : and the mother wept with kindred sensibility as she tendered me the little innocent—I took it from her, kissed its little cheek, and clasped it to my bosom. Its mother, envious of my caresses, would take it from me ; but portentous omen ! it cried, shrunk back, and fixing its little eyes on mine, I thought I read distraction in its tender breast, as if it had a fatal presentment of what was soon to follow !

'That Tday I dined with Rosalvo : the next produced my successor with orders for my immediate return, in consequence of some unexpected urgency in the affairs of state. Now did I regret my recall ;—I saw a second separation from the friend of my heart with lively pain, and could have wished to retract my petition : but it was now too late. That day I dined with Rosalvo for the last time—we were again alone ; again happy in the society of each other. Towards evening he was unexpectedly called away from table. The cause of his sudden departure was unknown to his wife : he said it was of consequence, but that he would soon be back—he quitted us, and I never saw him more !

'I sat late in hopes of his return ; but he came not and about to take my leave, I jocularly inquired if she had any commands for Turkey ? She paused, and heaving a deep sigh, exclaimed,

'Yes ; I have been wishing to speak of Turkey ; but often as the anxious thought entwined itself round my tongue my lips denied me utterance.'

'There was a mixture of grief and expectation visible in her countenance which rivetted my attention ; but I must refrain from the particulars of her interesting narrative : suffice it, for the present, that in the wife of Rosalvo I found my sister !

(To be Continued.)

From the Phil. Tickler.

THE MEDLEY.

No I

*'In der Liebe wird Mann oft
betrogen.'*

KOTZEBUE.

There is nothing more uncertain,
Than in affairs of love, dame Fortune.

HUDIBRAS.

Mr. Editor.—It is universally admitted that the heaviest burden any person can possibly bear about him, is that which is vulgarly termed a SECRET. What is the gout in the big toe; the cholera morbus; the itch, and the immense catalogue of painful disorders incident to the human body compared to a secret? By the aid of proper medical skill, the former may be totally eradicated; but to cure the ceaseless pains resulted from the latter, irresistably demands a Doctor possessed of more than Lethæan powers, with the gift of imparting them to his patients.

Now as desperate remedies, are, in my humble opinion, the most efficacious in desperate cases, I shall without much ceremony develop a secret to you, which has long hung heavy at my heart. Yet as precious circumstances naturally give rise to subsequent events, it well becomes me to premise such circumstances which relate to myself, and from which the subject of my story takes its rise. In doing this, I must beg leave to introduce

my uncle Corney to you, an old gentleman possessed of some metal in the world, and who moreover has the reputation of seeing as far in a dark night as any other folks.

To give a slight portrait of my uncle Corney, I shall merely observe, that he is a down-right, and (at the bottom) good hearted old gentleman. Yet he is firm—in his own opinions; when he once urges a point, he will stick to it as long as he can. Argument, especially if logically tedious, he holds in the most sovereign contempt, because he once read in a crabbed author, that 'reasonings were fallacious. In his juvenile days being persuaded to believe by some wags that he was a favourite of the Aonian maids, he has ever since indulged himself in rhyme. Whenever he gives me written advice, of recommendatory letters to any of his friends, he scorns to deal in humble prose, saying 'it were too vulgar'—and my uncle Corney is a hearty enemy to every thing that bears the slightest semblance to vulgarity.

I reside in the house of my uncle Corney. He had long made use of the most persuasive eloquence to induce me to change my state of celibacy for that of matrimony, which he defined to me in the language of Shenstone to be 'a matter of money;' urging with smiles the most benignant that his motives originated not so much

from charity, as from a kind of paternal affection for me. He mentioned to me a young lady, by name Emma, living with her aunt Mrs. Loadstone, a blooming widow of forty-five, not far from my uncle Corney's house: He expatiated in praise of Miss with much enthusiasm, dwelling largely on her many fine accomplishments, with beauty and sense; and by way of double entendre informed me that she possessed '*distant music*,' or in other words, that she was immensely rich.—in expectation.

For a long time I resisted my uncle's importunities by saying 'I did not believe that I could prevail upon any genteel girl to fall in love with me—to distraction; besides that on the score of a good face I had no recommendation at all. My objections were however eventually overruled by a paper which my uncle Corney one day slipped into my hand; it read to this effect:

Sir,

I with extreme politeness, wrote some
Lines poetic, to Mistress Loadstone,
About herself, and young Miss Emma,
And find you are in no dilemma,
Nor is there reason that there *may be*,
When you come once to address the lady.

Now if you don't intend to marry her
Then no longer think to tarry here,
But with your coat, and shirt and trousers,
Quick leave the place, on which my
house is.

Making a virtue of necessity, I
told my uncle that the match might

do, and that I would try; at which he seemed transported into extacy, saying that I should go the same evening to Miss Emma in the character of an Inamorata—to which I agreed with seeming pleasure.—When evening arrived, I was equipped cap-à-pee in a very peerless manner as I thought—besmeared my hair with meal and hogs-lard; and in order to prevent my head from leaning either too much one side or the other, I took care to tie round my neck a downright stiff cravat. I put on the best suit of clothes I had, and to crown the whole my uncle Corney lent me his new boots and silver spurs, although I travelled on foot the distance to where Emma and her aunt Loadstone lives, being but a rifle shot from my uncle Corney's house.

Thus accoutred I set off big with myself to commence my suit with the all-accomplished, all-beauteous, and all-sensible Miss Emma. I soon arrived at Loadstone house, entered it 'with cautious steps and slow,' walked into the parlour without knocking—where I found my Eucharis and the aunt both seated by a large fire in the Franklin stove. Without a word passing, or without being requested to take a chair, I seated myself on one about a yard from Emma's.—I looked as wise, and withal as tender as I possibly could; rubbed my hands together, and waited with the most inexpressible deference to hear, or see one of the la-

dies open their lips of roses—but all in vain. They were both mute the eyes of the aunt were employed in surveying an old portrait of a walking lobster that hung over my head against the wall, whilst the young Miss was very profoundly engaged in dandling in her lap a fox tail as I took it then to be, but have since been told that it was nothing more nor less than the tip end of 'her tippet.' However not to dwell too much on such trifling matters, for all tails are nought but trifles, I shall go on to remark, that I waited near one quarter of an hour in expectation that one of them would say something, until recollecting that according to the Chesterfieldian rules of good breeding, it became me to speak first. —I began addressing myself to Emma—'I fancy Miss the weather is rather a little foggish this evening out of doors.' To which she replied without hesitation, or a prompter, 'I imagine it is some, but it is very agreeable to cultivate the heat of the fire this evening, te he, te he. This was all the conversation that passed during the evening; Emma seemed quite abstracted, and the aunt continued to survey the walking lobster that hung over my head against the wall.

When I returned home my uncle Corney asked me what kind of a reception I met with, I answered a very *warm one*. He seemed highly elated and urged me to pay my devoirs again the next evening,

and that I should not be very long about pressing the point home to the young lady. I went as I was desired, and after sitting in quaker silence for about half an hour I made bold to ask the young lady to favor me with a song, to which she replied that she had read in some authors 'that no person yet ever sung without being laughed at by the company present for their pains.' I considered this as conclusive. I remained silent the rest part of the evening—so did Emma; and the aunt continued surveying the walking lobster that hung over my head against the wall.

In this manner I continued my visits for about three months, during which time all I could learn, regarding the aunt and Emma is, that the former is of a very sentimental and Quixotic cast, fond of reading novels and romances, and still more fond of drawing parallels between herself and the heroine of the tale: To do her justice, she once condescended to speak largely in praise of the beauties of the mind, and with much eloquence depreciated external charms. As to Emma, I found her to be one of those well meaning kind of girls, that always spoke the same thing, had always the same opinions, cared for nobody, and had preserved her chastity, in spite of temptation. I could never understand the meaning of the aunt's surveying the walking lobster that hung over my head against the wall.

My uncle Corney by this time with a kind of authoritative tone told me to make the business short, and not prolong it any more. Believing that I was given too much to mental reservation, or that I was too excessively modest to make use of my tongue, he penned me an epistle in dapper verse, which he said I should present to Emma, not doubting but that she would either say 'yes,' or 'no.' I shall transcribe the first eight lines of it, they being a specimen of the whole :

'When first I walk'd right thro' your
tall door,
To grace your handsome Sunday par-
lour,
And saw your face, than brick-dust red-
der,
Or something else that can't be said
here,
And with a fox-tail gently playing,
To an fro—as is the saying—
I thought my heart would burst within
me,
And by such means of some flesh thin
me.' &c. &c. &c.

Completely rigged, I set off one evening to present my note to Miss Emma—when arrived at Loadstone house, I found Emma alone, (so my imagination painted) seated by the fire, which shed but a glimmering light through the parlour, the candles being not yet lighted. At this moment I was fired with such undaunted resolution, that I determined to make use of my tongue, and speak out at once—I accordingly began with 'I fancy my peerless rib, that it is now high time to let you know what I have

been after these three calender months.—Having had a strong notion to cultivate matrimony in town, I have planted my affections on your promising person, not doubting to reap the fruits of my labour. I imagine I shall presently hear my doom pronounced from your charming lips, whether I shall henceforth live happy or be miserable.' At this moment to my inexpressible astonishment, Miss Emma came running into the room, crying out that the 'pot was boiling over'—and now discovered to my utter shame and confusion, that I innocently made love to the aunt instead of the young lady. I immediately hastened home to my uncle Corney, related to him every thing, and craved his pardon on my knees, which he seeing me in much distress, granted. My subsequent absence from Loadstone house, seemed to the aunt as mysterious as the profoundest arcana in freemasonry; she could not expound the enigma. But what is strange she still continues to survey the walking lobster against the wall.

Thus dear Toby you have my secret; by publishing it I shall feel myself vastly relieved, and shall only subscribe myself your very humble servant

RATIONALIS.

ON SLEEP.

In sleep we seem in death to lie;
Yet sweetly pass the moments fleet;
That death is bitter mortals cry,
And yet they OWN ITS IMAGE SWEET!

For the Lady's Miscellany.

The day being very pleasant. after dinner I ordered the postilion to draw up; and attended only by little Robert I entered the carriage, and directed the coachman to drive up the road.—It was very muddy, and consequently we could advance but slowly; so having no particular object in view, and having a mind to make our ride but short, I resolved upon a visit to General Hamilton's Monument. The distance from our home was scant 6 miles.—When we had got to Weehawk, our road terminated, and of course we were obliged to leave the carriage and proceed the remaining half mile on foot. I had often viewed it with my glass, while sailing up the Hudson, and could plainly see that the place was inaccessible to carriages, and from the appearance of the craggy hill, at the foot of which the monument stands, it seemed almost impossible to come at it, except by water.—It was with much difficulty and fatigue that we ascended the hill from Weehawk; and indeed I once was compelled to lean against a tree for rest.—After walking about half a mile we descried the monument from the verge of the cliff, and descending from the top by a very steep foot path, we at length arrived at the far famed spot.—For the benefit of my countrymen, I will inform them, that the easiest and safest way to the monument from Weehawk is along the beach, which is only practicable at low tide, in

consequence of the rocky shore which in truth is wholly impassible at high water mark; or a still better way than the former, is by water surer you may then land at the very place. When we had reached the monument.—‘Good Heaven,’ said I, ‘is this the place where they fought?’—My mind was so crowded with the solemnity of the occasion, that I stood for a few moments gazing in silent astonishment—I first looked towards the City—then at the river—then at the surrounding scenery of nature—then at the monument—and then thought of Hamilton and his antagonist.—The monument is of white marble beautifully finished, & completed throughout the whole in a masterly manner.—It stands upon the bank, not more than 20 or 30 feet from the river, and perhaps not more than 10 feet above the level of high water mark. It is enclosed with an iron fence about 10 or 12 feet square.—The place where they fought is the only spot which may be called level between that and Weehawk and this indeed cannot be styled exactly level, as the surface of the earth is very rough and unbroken & greatly descending.—To judge from the sight of the monument, Hamilton must have stood at the lower or south side, and Burr at the north or upper side parallel with the river. From the usual distance of duelling we may likewise observe that both must have taken their positions on a couple of small noles, or heights, opposite to each

other, between which the ground gradually descends to a hollow. About 3 or 4 feet from the hole, upon which Burr took his stand, towards the river side stands an oak sapling, close against a small cedar nearly the thickness of a man's leg. At the height of 6 or 7 feet from the foot of this sapling is a mark, apparently made with an ax, which, as it is considerably hollow, must be the place from whence Hamilton's ball was extracted: at least so is the common opinion of the Country. Opposite to the monument stands a large Cedar which may serve in addition to the marble memento, as a proper object to point out the place where Hamilton fell.—This idea occurred to me from the observation of several mutilated parts of the monument; particularly two of the corners (if I am not mistaken) were broken off; probably by some wicked fellow or other, and a full charge of Duck shot is battered up against the pyramid, leaving the indented black mark of every shot, which gives that side of the monument a spotted look:—Should the monument therefore by such villainy in the course of a few years be levelled with the dust, this cedar if permitted to grow will mark the fatal spot. Upon a closer examination of the monument, I found the names of a number of persons inscribed upon the sides of it with lead pencils, some of them indeed almost at the top of it. I was anxious to examine the structure as well as to take a nearer view of the engravings of

the St. Andrews Society of New-York by whom it was erected. In walking around it, therefore, to find the easiest place of getting over the iron fence, I saw accidentally the names of a couple of females, evidently written by themselves with a pencil.—'Good' said I, 'if women can climb this fence; I think I can.'—I laid down my rattan—pulled off my gloves; and by the help of an old stump, I got safely over.—I took out my pencil, and on a bit of paper, I copied the following words in the manner here placed, as I found them engraved on the south or river side of the monument.

"On this spot
Fell

July 11th 1804.

Major General
Alexander Hamilton.

As an expression
of their affectionate regard
to his memory
and of their deep regret
for his loss

The St. Andrews Society
of the State of New-York
have erected
This Monument.

On the western side is the following

"Incorrupta Fides undague veritas
Quando ullum nivenient parem?
Multis ille guidem flebilis occidit.
Hov."

The pyramid is beautifully shaped, and composed of white marble

beards about two inches thick ; on the top of which is a handsome urn.—It is hollow within ; and when struck against, gives a sound much like that of an empty churn. ' What a pity,' said I, as I was returning over the railing, that the thoughtless depravity of man should so mutilate and disfigure with knives, and pencils this valuable token of antiquity.—I took up my rattan—pulled on my gloves and left the solemn scene.—No place could have been found in the state of New-Jersey, preferable to this, on account of its contiguity to the city of New-York ; its remoteness from judicial vigilance, for no magistrate would ever think of rambling over rocks and stones, hills, & precipices for the design of seeking an object worthy of official scrutiny ; nor for that silent solemnity which would seem to be essentially necessary in every affair of life and death.

RAMBLER.

Mr. Editor

By inserting the following Enigmatical list of Young Ladies, in your valuable Miscellany, you will oblige—yours with respect. BANGDON.

An Enigmatical list of Young ladies residing in Newark (N. J.)

1 The one half of a renowned Roman patriot, myself wrote in the shortest degree, and one fourth of a cruel Roman Emperor.

2 Three fifths of an arm of the tree, two fifths of the goddess of

chastity, and a particle of denying.

3 Three fifths of the point (:) and one third of the tenth of an hundred.

4 four sixths of a red french Wine, one fourth of a monarch.

5 One third of a short poem, one fourth of a blast of wind, and a cave for beasts.

6 A person who sells or deals in silk.

7 Two fifths of a celebrated Author, fifty wrote in the shortest degree, and half of a small french coin.

8 A partition of brick, and the name of an unit in cards.

9 The priests of Bacchus—omitting the third letter.

10. The largest vegetation of the earth and a linen ornament.

11 Two fifths of a goddess of infants, a thousand wrote in the shortest degree, three sevenths of the goddess of wisdom, and one fourth of the most precious metal.

Solution is Requested.

From the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe.

Pray take my advice if a fortune you'd get,

Pay off what you owe—and then keep out of debt.

THIS may be bad poetry, but depend on it, is excellent sense. It is an old saying that the 'debtor is a slave to the creditor.' If so, half the world enter into voluntary servitude. The universal rage to buy on credit is a serious evil in our country.—Many a valuable man is ruined by it.

There was Titus Thornbury, who was an industrious, honest man. He had as good a farm as lay in the north parish of Applebury. But unfortunately he gave way to the prevailing passion of getting in debt, and a sad life he had of it. At the age of thirty he owed two thousand pounds. His farm yielded about that sum. He could not live without purchasing some things, and as all the money he could raise went to pay principal and interest on his debt, he had every thing to buy on credit. So, at the year's end, with interest—and costs—and of time—and extra prices charged for things because he did not make ready pay, he was just as deeply involved as the year before. Thus harrassed—dunned and tormented was poor Thornbury, for twenty years.

Not so was it with his cousin, Ned Forest. He vowed he'd *owe no man*. The produce of his farm was about the same as that of Thornbury's; but as he was not forced by duns, or executions, to sell it out of season, he got the highest price.—As he paid for things when he bought them, he got his necessaries 12 per cent cheaper.—As he paid neither interest nor costs, and lost no time in running to borrow money or to see his creditors—he laid up 90 pounds a year, lived quite as well as his cousin and infinitely happier.

When poor Thornbury saw a man riding up the road, his anxious look told as plain as a look could tell—'plague on that fellow, he is coming to dun me.' When a sudden rap at the door announced a visitor, no matter how lively he had been, he turned pale, and looked sorrowfully anxious until the visitor was known.

Many a man goes into a store for a single article. Looking round, twenty things strike his fancy; he has no money but he buys on credit. Foolish man!

Pay day must come, and ten chances to one, like death, it find you unprepared to meet it.—Tell me, ye who have experienced it, did the pleasure of possessing articles, bear any proportion to the pain of being called on to pay for them, when you had it not in your power.

Good people, hark ye: A few rules well kept will contribute much to your happiness and independence. Never buy what you do not really want. Never purchase on credit what you can possibly do without. Take pride in being able to say *I owe no man*. Wives are sometimes thoughtless—daughters now and then extravagant. Many a time, when neither the wife nor daughter would willingly give a single pang to a fond father's bosom, they urge and tease him to get articles, pleasant enough, to be sure, to possess, but difficult for him to buy. He purchases on credit—is dunned—sued, and many an hour made wretched by their folly and imprudence. Old Robert presents his compliments to the ladies, and begs they would have the goodness to read the last 15 lines once a month till they got them by heart, & then act as their own excellent dispositions should direct.

Above all things, good people, never go in debt at the tavern. To grog—to toddy—to sling—to bitters! Oh horrid! what a bill!—Never owe your shoe maker—your taylor—your *PRINTER*—your blacksmith, or labourer. Besides the bad policy of being in debt, it is downright injustice to those whose labour you have received the benefit of.

How happy's the farmer who owes not a pound,

But lays by his fifty each year that comes round,

He fears neither constable, sheriff nor pun;

To bank or to justice has never to run.

His cellar well filled and his pantry well
stored
He lives far more bless'd than a prince
or a lord.
Then take my advice, if a fortune you'd
get,
PAY OFF WHAT YOU OWI—AND THEN
KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

VARIETY.

.....
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

.....
For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....
From the Rhode Island American

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

COLONEL DAVIES, who fell in the battle of the Wabash, was a man of high character a native of Kentucky. He was a Lawyer whose character was tinged with those excentricities that indicated future genius. There was a difficult question to decide before the Court of Kentucky, involving an important question in regard to the title of the estate. The case embraced a long concatenation of facts and sundry technical niceties. When the case was called, a Kentucky Hunter, with his musket and bird bag, loaded with provisions, all equipped complete, entered the hall and took his seat amongst the Lawyers.—There was a grin on the faces of the Bar, Court, Jury and spectators. He, all unconscious, took out his provisions and began to eat with the most perfect composure. The Lawyer, on the side of the Plaintiff, rose and made a long argument. And who answers for the Defendant? inquired the Court. I do, replied the Hunter, and rising broke forth into a torrent of eloquence that astonished the Court and Jury. Away went the Plaintiff, law and evidence; and so complete was the dis-

comfiture that the opposite Council made a most pitiful reply.—The Jury found a verdict for the Defendant without retiring from their seats, when the Court adjourned and invited the stranger to their lodgings. 'No, I thank you, gentlemen, and unless you will take a cold cut with me, I must be gone.' So saying, he shouldered his musket, and with great sang froid departed. Such a man was Colonel DAVIES.


ANECDOTES.

A poor unfortunate Irishman was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant. The Justice asked him, 'What brought him over to this country?' 'A ship, your honor.' 'A ship!' echoed the magistrate, 'you impertinent fellow! how do you get your living?' 'By my hands, your honor; I am a hay maker.' 'And how long have you been out of work?' 'Please your honor, our trade has been rather dull this winter!'

The late Mr. Mackenzie, who has some times been called the Scots Addison was by profession an attorney. He was once in company with Sir Wm. Howe, in the Highlands of Scotland. After dinner, the conversation happened to turn upon poison; the various effects of different species were mentioned, & among others those of ratsbane and laural water. 'We say in England,' said the general to Mr. Mackenzie, 'that ratsbane will not kill a lawyer;—' And we say in Scotland,' replied the wit, 'that some generals are in no danger from laural.'

Doctor Johnson was one day in company with a very talkative lady of whom he appeared to take very little notice.

She in a pique, said to him—' Why, Doctor, I believe you prefer the company of men to that of ladies.' ' Madam,' replied he, ' I am very fond of the company of the ladies. I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity and I like their——silence.'

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*On Saturday evening last, by the rev.
Dr Romeyn, William Leonard, Jun.
Esq. of Massachusetts, to Miss Sarah
Dolphin, of this city.*

On the 11th inst by the rev. William Parkinson, Mr. John Isabelle, to Miss Matilda Jones all of this city.

On Saturday last, by the rev. David Moore, Henry Keeling, esq. late of the Island of Antigua, to Miss Cornelia Henrietta Hale, of Staten Island. daughter of Dr. Hale.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Ebenezer Harrison, to the amiable Miss Martha Brewster, both of this city.

At Middletown, John Butler, to Miss Hannah Brainard.

*At Sag Harbor, George M Kay, of this
city, to Miss Sally Frothingham.*

At Albany, James McCobb, of this city,
to Miss Phoebe Eighte.

At Trenton, Maurice Justice, to Miss Mary Satcher.

*At Mount Holly, Daniel Hancock, to
Miss Hannah Hains.*

Near the latter place, George W. Farlee, to Miss Catharine Stryker, of Somerset.

*In N. Jersey, Daniel Smith, of New-
ark, to Miss Phoebe Bruin.*

*In N. Jersey, Wm. Taylor, to Miss
Gitty Cadmus.*

*In N. Jersey, Nathaniel Linsley, to
Miss Polly Dean.*

+-----+

On Tuesday morning last, Dr. Edward Miller.

On Wednesday morning last, Mrs. Dorcas Oakley, aged 68.

Also, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Mott, aged 27, wife of Richard L. Mott.

On Tuesday morning last, Miss
Melissa Whittemore, daughter of Mr.
Thomas Whittemore.

On Tuesday morning last, Mrs. Sarah Halstead, aged 62, wife of Benjamin Halsted.

Suddenly, on Sunday evening, the 8th inst. Mr. L. V. Amrings, merchant of this city.

*At Albany, Dr. John Gaskerie, Mem-
ber of Assembly from Orange.*

On Wednesday last, of a decline. James M Lochlan, esq of the Island of Jamaica, a native of Scotland, aged 52 years.

On Wednesday morning last, after a short illness, Susannah Gormell, in the 63d year of her age.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

For the Lady's Miscellany.

And why my Geraldine to me unknown
Why not mature the seeds already sown?
If while unconscious I thy love deserve,
The tie reciprocal will it preserve.
I do invite thee, from my heart I go
And gratitude alone would make me true.
No motive dictates, I should blush to
name
It is, because with thee I've felt the
same,
I've felt that friendship was no simple toy
But the real source of ev'ry social joy.
And oh! congenial minds so seldom
meet
That when they do, it makes e'en sorrow
sweet.
All curiosity I disavow,
So mean a passion does not prompt me
now.
But to possess a friend, and her unknown,
A friend, how rare! still this is now my
own,
With one who thus extends her gen'rous
love
A long, a lasting, union could I prove.
T'was not the praise which thou so
warm exprest
That found its sanction in thy Nina—
breast,
Oh no! it was the sentiments there trac'd.

Which show'd the mind, was noble that
they grac'd
A breast where all the dearer virtues
blend,
And I with exultation call thee Friend.

NINA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

*On a Young Friend in the last stage of a
Consumption.*

Go cheer him on his dying bed
And chase pale grief away,
Go, go, support his sinking head,
This frame to dire diseases a prey,

And mark those features pale and wan,
That once was beautiful and gay;
A picture of what frailty's man,
Scarce seen e'er it has pass'd away.

NINA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Fond flattering pencil fly
And tell the sweet girl I adore,
For her I sigh; for her I die,
For her—stay, tell her no more.

Yes tell her, when dash'd by the tempest
to heaven;

When I'm borne on the mauntainous
wave,

Or to unfathomable depths are driven;
'Midst dangers, from which God only
can save.

I still will remember the girl I adore,
I still will remember my sweet Adahide,
Tell her all this but tell her no more;
Lest you tell her some secrets I would
not have betray'd. K. D.

From a London Paper.

HARRY & KATE.

Do you see yonder cottage that stands
in the field,
With a low rustic fence and a neat
little gate?

I wish you the bliss which that cottage
can yield ;

'Tis the lov'd habitation of Harry and
Kate.

Four children they have, they can scarce
rub along.

But to work is no hardship, both ear-
ly and late ;

He knows that at night they will lisp-
some new song ;

The loves are domestic, of Harry and
Kate.

If joy unexpected should gladden his
heart,

He hastens with pleasure the joy to
relate—

His joys swells to rapture the news to
impart,

For Kate loves her Harry, and Harry
loves Kate.

But, oh ! if be-gloom'd by the sorrows
of life,

(And who is exempt from the arrows
of fate ?)

'Tis then he exults in the dear name of
wife,

For the pillow of Harry's the bosom
of Kate.

Old Grasp-all, his Landlord, a little while
since

Arrested poor Harry—unfortunate fate !
The officer found him as blyth as a
prince ;

Drinking tea with their children were
Harry and Kate.

The heart gushing anguish, the sorrow
sincere,

Of Kate's sensibility who can relate ?

E'en Catchpole himself could withhold not
the tear,

But wept o'er the sorrows of Harry
and Kate.

Undaunted and firm whilst the news he
receiv'd,

He told his lov'd wife, 'Tis the lot
of our fate ;

We must part for a while, but my dear
don't be griev'd,

For heaven will provide both for Har-
ry and Kate.

Kind heaven did provide ; for that mo-
ment a friend,

Who had witness'd with pleasure their
happy estate,

Come forward—reliev'd him—their sor-
rows now end,

And the woes turn to rapture, of Har-
ry and Kate.

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